

CUTHBERT BOSTRIL  
by  
Cyril Fletcher



This is the tale of Cuthbert Bostril  
Who thought he'd only use one nostril  
So he made himself a sort of cover  
To stop him breathing through the other.  
And so he wondered 'round the place  
    Wearing a muzzle on his face  
    Until he met Euphemia Muck  
    The barmaid at the Dog & Duck.  
Euphemia loved him from the start  
And told him frankly, "Have a heart"  
Remove that gadget from your clock,  
In other words your nose unblock."  
Ahh! such was love it made him weaken,  
He took the shutter off his beak 'n'  
    Wedding bells rang out with Cuth'  
    Letting both nostrils do their stuff.  
    Alas, alack their bliss was short,  
'Ere very long our Cuthbert thought,  
He'd buy an eye-shield and then try,  
    To read the paper with one eye,  
    And then Euphemia saw with fear  
He'd cotton wool stuffed in one ear,  
    And then he bought a sort of peg  
    And started walking on one leg.  
So Euphemia took the only course  
    And being granted her divorce  
Married a bloke named Arnold Stout,  
    What did'nt muck himself about.